

Good 566 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

LIFE ON THE BOG

I MET a bog man in Dublin—he had come to town to be tested for tuberculosis. "The week-ends," he said ruefully, "are the dulllest periods for the turf workers. From one o'clock Saturday afternoon until early Monday morning they put in long, dragging hours when there is nothing to be done. The hardest work of all is trying to kill time."

"Sunday especially seems to drag, and nobody in any of the camps is sorry when Monday morning comes..." So I went to the bogs to see for myself.

Since the official opening of the 1944 Turf-Production season on the Government Turf-Cutting Scheme in Kildare, Wicklow and Offaly, the reception depot at Droichead Nua (Newbridge) has had a busy time.

The Counties of Donegal, Kerry, Mayo and Galway have supplied most of the turf-workers; but men from every county in Ireland have enlisted in this hardy army, whose chief weapon is the "Slean" and whose chief enemy is General Rain.

All recruits must come through the depot at Droichead Nua, and before a man can be employed he is required to produce for the depot superintendent his current tea, sugar, and butter coupons besides his unemployment and National Health Insurance cards.

If everything is in order a medical examination follows; and should a man be disqualified on medical grounds he is given a free voucher to travel back home.

HOME FROM HOME.

An applicant who is declared fit by the medical officer goes to one of the fourteen turf camps—and this becomes his home for the duration of his employment with the Turf Development Board.

The turf camps are dispersed over a wide area of the bogs of Kildare, Wicklow and Offaly. The one most remote from headquarters at Newbridge is Turraun Camp, Fernbane; while Glencree in Wicklow takes second place. The camp at Glencree is well up in the Wicklow Hills, and is regarded as the camp situated amidst the most beautiful surroundings.

As far as practicable, the Turf Board has made use of existing buildings as housing accommodation for their employees, and thus it is that the old military barracks at Droichead Nua, Robertstown House in Robertstown, Lullymore Lodge, and the old Union buildings in Edenderry, are now firmly



Turf takes months to dry into a condition suitable for burning, but in these days of fuel famine it is used as soon as it is cut.

★ GORDON RICH in his second article on the turf cutters of Eire, takes you to a typical camp and shows you how the workers live, toil and "Rill" their leisure. It is a picture of a neutral country isolated in a world at war.

On the other hand, dances in the recreation halls of camps in the heart of the bogs are a great success, though in towns like Newbridge they have been failures most.

MAKING THINGS WARM.

With the coming of long evenings football and outdoor sports start, and the camp sports field becomes once more a place of energetic activity.

That is how neutrality affects the individual Eirean who digs for turf. The townsman is even less fortunate.

Housewives are permitted to use the gas for only two hours a day. Squads of inspectors make unexpected calls at houses and hotels in an endeavour to catch defaulters. If the gas stoves are even warm between the prohibited hours the "glimmer cooker" is fined.

Trains, factories and hotels, too, all rely upon these squads of uneducated bog workers. Travelling in the south is fantastic; one journey, scheduled to take three hours, took me nearly nine.

If the engine fireman happens to ship aboard a load of wet turf, he will probably have to hold up the train en route in order to clear out the fire.

A story I hesitate to tell, even

"WORLD'S BEST BABY" is Sto. Stephen Godley's

WHEN a "G.M." photographer is getting a baby to smile please for the first time, he's doing his greatest service. It makes his mission to a Submariner's relative really worth while.

And this time he had found the six-month-old daughter of Stoker Stephen Godley, whose home is at 21, Cow-lane Salford. 5. Ann Christine they've called her, and she's weighing nineteen pounds. Mum says she's the best baby on earth, but perhaps all mothers say that. We can say though that Ann definitely doesn't cry. Our staffman tried some funny faces calculated to make her either laugh or spout tears, but though tears were expected she didn't do either!

Everything at home is fine, Stephen. Your father, sister, and her twelve-month-old baby are all well, and your wife sends all her love. Hurry along, come home and meet junior!

Bananas are news Sto. Keith Rawlinson

PLEASE ask him when he is going to send me that banana," said seven-year-old Malcolm, looking up from a major operation with a wooden tank. "He said he would get me one and an officer's uniform," he added, steering his tank towards Nigger, the cat, who quickly effected a rear-guard action to the sofa. "But the banana will do."

So now you know, Stoker Keith Rawlinson, and what are you going to do about it?

Your mother was busily peeling apples for the Sunday

tea when we called at your home, 1, Wells Street, Cardiff. She is quite well, and so is everyone.

She tells us that your cousin Allan is now a petty officer and is expected to be home for Christmas—he will afterwards go abroad. He writes that he is quite well and looking forward to the future, and sends you his best wishes.

Your sister, Beryl, is getting a big girl and you will be amazed when you see her. She is doing well at school, and hopes when she leaves to get a job as a shorthand-typist.

She has just received a 1st Class Proficiency Badge for Red Cross work, having passed three examinations to obtain it. You are to receive a picture of her when she has one taken in her uniform.

By the way, your mother asked us to tell you that Frank Cooper was married about three weeks ago—she says you will be interested to hear this.

Mrs. Rawlinson showed us the model of your submarine which stands on the mantelpiece. It's



certainly a fine piece of work. Also, we saw the picture of your craft—it hangs on the wall over your model. Here is a picture of your

MILITARY FASHION.

When the turf worker arrives at the camp to which he is posted he is given an identity card bearing a number. The resident camp superintendent then sees that the new man is issued with bedding, mug, knife and fork and assigned to a dormitory.

Each man is responsible for his own kit and is held responsible for any loss or damage that may result to it.

The dormitories are one-storied buildings with sleeping accommodation for fifteen men in each, and camp regulations require a man to make up his bed and fold his blankets in military fashion each morning. An orderly is

appointed to sweep out the billets every day and to keep them in good order.

The day in a turf camp begins at 6.30 a.m. when the night watchman calls the men for breakfast, which is served at 7. Work on the bog commences at 9 o'clock and ends at 5.30, with a break for lunch at one o'clock.

The men who live in camps a long way from the bog are brought to and from work in lorries, while those accommodated on the verge of the bogs walk to work.

The dinner hour varies to suit the requirements of individual camps, but the usual hour is six in the evening or perhaps seven.

After dinner the bog-worker is free until half-eleven at night, when he must be back in camp unless he holds a pass permitting him to remain out later. By 11.30 all lights are extinguished and the camp settles to sleep for the night.

The food in camp is good in quality and quantity. Breakfast consists of sausages and puddings (or bacon and eggs), with fried bread, egg and chips on fast days. Each man is given a pint of tea at breakfast, and is also issued with a two-pound loaf and a ration of butter. The bread and butter are distributed by him over the day whatever way he pleases to use them. Six ounces of meat (or cheese) are issued for lunch on the bog.

For dinner there are 12 ozs. meat, 8 ozs. vegetables, and 2 lbs. of potatoes, together with a half-pint of tea. A ration of ten cigarettes is issued to each man after dinner and fresh milk can be bought in the camp canteen at 3d. a pint.

HERE'S HEALTH.

Each camp is provided with a medical room and a medical orderly who has passed a course in first aid.

Men reporting sick in the morning are attended by the medical orderly, and those in need of special attention are examined by the medical officer who makes a daily tour of every camp. This tour includes inspection of cook-house, billets and sanitary arrangements, so that all possible care is taken in the interests of the men's health.

In general the standard of health is exceptionally good, and mostly the duties of the medical officer reduce themselves to a matter of "prevention rather than cure."

Recreation halls are a feature of all turf camps. But only in the very remote camps are these halls utilised. The attractions of town life invariably put a "damper" on recreation within the camp, for the men prefer to go to a cinema or to a pub, when such are in the area.



"For the love of Pete stop grumbling, Winnie, and thank your lucky stars you've got a roof over your head!"

though I personally was a witness, happened as the express train approached Cork. We had been tearing along at about twenty miles an hour (top speed on turf), but we knew it couldn't last, and it didn't.

The train stopped and the driver and fireman, equipped with an axe apiece, jumped down, and in a manner which suggested they had done it many times previously, cut down a small tree, which they chopped into small pieces. Presumably they re-set the fire and laid on some dry turf—then we got under way!

If Eire were not neutral, she would get British coal and the bogs would remain in peace. But the sods must still be distributed because Eire is neutral.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

"Shoot Yourself—or I'll do it for You"

AS they neared the corner, he heard the electric car a block away, and urged his brother on. Al was breathing hard. His feet dragged and shuffled, and he held back.

"A hell of a brother you are," he panted.

For reply, he received a vicious jerk on his arm. It reminded him of his childhood when he was hurried along by some angry grown-up. And like a child, he had to be helped up the car step. He sank down on an outside seat, panting, sweating, overcome by the exertion. He followed George's eyes as the latter looked him up and down.

"A hell of a brother you are," was George's comment when he had finished the inspection.

Moisture welled into Al's eyes. "It's my stomach," he said with self-pity.

"I don't wonder," was the retort. "Burnt out like the crater of a volcano. Fervent heat isn't a circumstance."

Thereafter they did not speak. When they arrived at the transfer point, George came to himself with a start. He helped his brother from the car, and looked up the intersecting street. The car they were to take was not in sight.

Al's eyes chanced upon the corner grocery and saloon across the way. At once he became restless. His hands passed beyond his control, and he yearned hungrily across the street to the door that swung open even as he looked and let in a happy pilgrim. And in that instant he saw the white-jacketed bar-tender against an array of glittering glass. Quite unconsciously he started to cross the street.

"Hold on," George's hand was on his arm. "I want some whisky," he answered.

"You've already had some." "That was hours ago. Go on, George, let me have some. It's the last day. Don't shut off on me until we get there—God knows it will be soon enough."

George glanced desperately up the street. The car was in sight. "There isn't time for a drink," he said.

"I don't want a drink. I want a bottle." Al's voice became wheedling. "Go on, George. It's the last, the very last."

"No." The denial was as final as George's thin lips could make it. Al glanced at the approaching car. He sat down suddenly on the curbstone.

"What's the matter?" his brother asked, with momentary alarm.

"Nothing. I want some whisky. It's my stomach."

"Come on now, get up." George reached for him, but was anticipated, for his brother

sprawled flat on the pavement, explained in apologetic tones to the oblivious to the dirt and to the curious glances of the passers-by. The car was clanging its gong at the crossing, a block away.

"You'll miss it," Al grinned from the pavement. "And it will be your fault."

George's fists clenched tightly. "For two cents I'd give you a thrashing."

"And miss the car," was the triumphant comment from the pavement.

George looked at the car. It was to which they were going, but his halfway down the block. He looked apprehensions were allayed from at his watch. He debated a second moment to moment. As they entered the wide gateway and

"All right," he said. "I'll get rolled on through the spacious

it. But you get on that car. If you miss it, I'll break the bottle over your head."

He dashed across the street and into the saloon. The car came in and stopped. There were no passengers to get off. Al dragged himself up the steps and sat down. He smiled as the conductor rang the bell and the car started. The swinging door of the saloon burst open. Clutching in his hand the suit-case and a pint bottle of whisky, George started in pursuit. The conductor, his hand on the bell cord, waited to see if it would be necessary to stop. It was not. George swung lightly aboard, sat down beside his brother, and passed him the bottle.

"You might have got a quart," Al said reproachfully.

He extracted the cork with a pocket corkscrew, and elevated the bottle.

"I'm sick . . . my stomach," he explained in apologetic tones to the passenger who sat next to him.

In the train they sat in a smoking-car. But Al was morose, and devoted himself to the bottle.

As the time passed, his mouth hung looser and looser, while the rings under his eyes seemed to puff out and all his facial muscles to relax.

The conveyance that met them at the station had all the dignity and luxuriousness of a private

carriage. George's eyes were keen for the earmarks of the institution

to which they were going, but his apprehensions were allayed from a moment to moment. As they entered the wide gateway and

"All right," he said. "I'll get rolled on through the spacious

Concluding "CREATED HE THEM"

By JACK LONDON

grounds, he felt sure that the institutional side of the place would not jar upon his brother. It was more like a summer hotel, or, better yet, a country club. And as they swept on through the spring sunshine, the songs of birds in his ears, and in his nostrils the breath of flowers, George sighed for a week of rest in such a place, and before his eyes loomed the arid vista of summer in town and at the office. There was not room in his income for his brother and himself.

"Let us take a walk in the grounds," he suggested, after they had met Doctor Bodineau and inspected the quarters assigned to Al. "The carriage leaves for the station in half an hour, and we'll just have time."

"It's beautiful," he remarked a moment later. Under his feet was the velvet grass, the trees arched overhead, and he stood in mottled sunshine. "I wish I could stay for a month."

"I'll trade places with you, Al said quickly.

George laughed it off, but he felt a sinking of the heart.

"I'm going to send Mary and the children off to the mountains. She needs it, and so do they. And when you're in shape I'll send you right on to join them. Then you can take your summer vacation before you come back to the office."

"I'm not going to stay in this damned hole, for all your talk about it," Al announced abruptly.

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

Answers to Quiz in No. 565

1. A macle is a Scottish ton, symbol of office, mineral, fish, kind of cloud, hammer?

2. What American lawyer became a famous singer?

3. Where is there a lake full of soda?

4. Who named electricity?

5. What great painter was so poor that he painted his masterpieces in a workhouse?

1. Pigment.
2. John McCormack, made papal count in 1928. Born in Ireland 1884, naturalised American 1917.

3. No; a substitute rubber. Rubber has never been synthesized.

4. Beethoven.
5. Vibrations of molecules which give rise to heat.

6. Dress is an outside garment; others are "undies."

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



PORTRAIT painters are having something of a boom, despite a shortage of studios.

Mr. T. C. Dugdale, R.A., tells me he has been working at such high pressure lately that he is off to the country for a rest. "It's always like this during a war," he says, "and I remember three." Mr. Frank Salisbury is full up with portrait commissions.

Mr. James Gunn is particularly busy with portraits of women, following his recent Academy success with his wife's portrait, "Pauline in the Yellow Dress." "A popular portrait will often start a vogue for a similar type," he says.

FEES paid to portrait painters vary considerably. In the four-figure class are Augustus John, Frank Salisbury and James Gunn. Before the war Gerald Brockhurst received 2,000 guineas for painting Merle Oberon. Oswald Birley's fee is around £500.

Good painters, like good doctors, occasionally cut their fees; but I cannot find one who would do this for an Inland Revenue man.

M.P.s will have to work longer and harder—and on cold lunches, too.

I understand that the Government intends to ask them to sit during afternoons and evenings. But this will not mean free mornings, because of standing committees.

One snag is that the Commons kitchens may not be able to prepare two meals a day, and that there won't be anything hot for the Members.

HUSBAND: "If a man steals, no matter what, he will live to regret it."

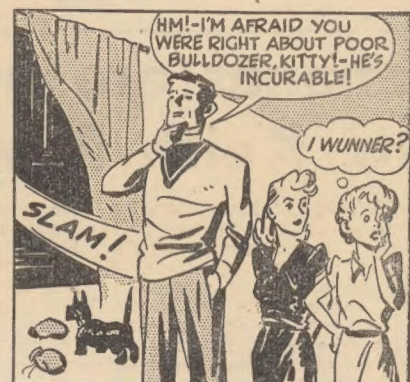
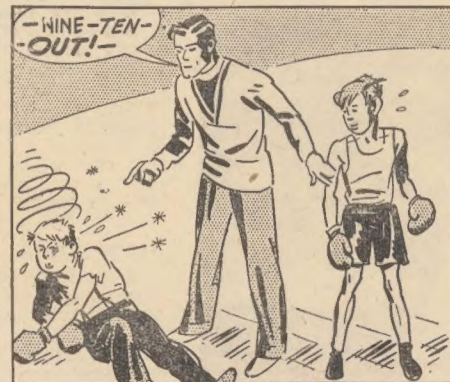
Wife (coily): "You used to steal kisses from me before we were married."

Husband: "You heard me the first time."

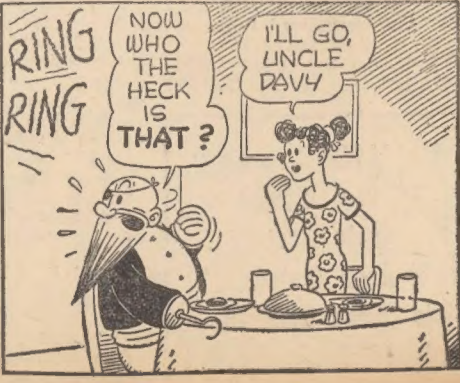
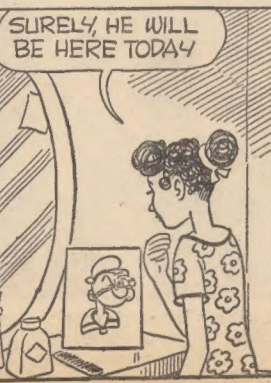
BELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—505

1. Insert consonants in ***A***O*E and *O**A*** and get two districts in Scotland.
 2. Here are two building materials whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
 LEBORM — RATARM.
 3. If "left" is the "eft" of marching, what is the eft of (a) Immediately, (b) Massive?
 4. Find the two meat dishes hidden in: Always warm shellfish if the oven is on, and if you have crab, bitter should be served with it.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 504

- LIMERICK, TIPPERARY.
- SOUTHEY—CAMPBELL.
- (a) Battery, (b) Batten.

JANE

"CREATED HE THEM"

(Continued from Page 2)

"Yes, you are, and you're going to get your health and strength back again, so that the look of you will put the colour in Mary's cheeks where it used to be."

"I'm going back with you," Al's voice was firm. "I'm going to take the same train back. It's about time for that carriage, I guess."

"I haven't told you all my plans," George tried to go on, but Al cut him off.

"You might as well quit that. I don't want any of your soapy thug's, and he knew the desire to talking. You treat me like a child. I'm not a child. My mind's made at last, counselled that he should up, and I'll show you how long it can stay made up. You needn't for him to do."

A baleful light was in his eyes, and to his brother he seemed for all the world like a cornered rat, desperate and ready to fight. As George looked at him he remembered back to their childhood, and it came to him that at last

was aroused in Al the same old stubborn strain that had enabled him, as a child, to stand against all force and persuasion.

George abandoned hope. He had lost. This creature was not human. The last fine instinct of the human had fled. It was a brute, sluggish and stolid, impossible to move—just the raw stuff of life, combative, rebellious, and indomitable. And as he contemplated his brother he felt in himself the rising plans," George tried to go on, but up of a similar brute. He became suddenly aware that his fingers were tensing and crooking like a thug's, and he knew the desire to kill. And his reason, turned traitor I'm not a child. My mind's made at last, counselled that he should up, and I'll show you how long it can stay made up. You needn't for him to do."

He was aroused by a servant calling to him through the trees that the carriage was waiting. He answered. Then, looking straight before him, he discovered his brother. He had forgotten it was his brother. It had been only a thing the moment before. He began to talk, and as he talked the

way became clear to him. His me. I mean it. And if you don't do the voice of the servant again reason had not turned traitor. it for yourself, I shall have to do it calling to him that the carriage was waiting.

The brute in him had merely orientated his reason. "You are no earthly good, Al," he said. "You know that. You've made Mary's life a hell. You are a curse to your children. And you have not made life exactly a paradise for the rest of us."

"There's no use your talking," Al interjected. "I'm not going to stay here."

"That's what I'm coming to," George continued. "You don't have to stay here." (Al's face brightened, and he involuntarily made a movement, as though about to start towards the carriage.) "On the other hand, it is not necessary that you should return with me. There is another way."

George's hand went to his hip pocket and appeared with a revolver. It lay along his palm, the butt towards Al, and towards Al he extended it. At the same time, with his head, he indicated the near-by thicket.

"You can't bluff me," Al snarled. "It is not a bluff, Al. Look at

They faced each other, the prof-fered revolver still extended. Al debated for a moment, then his eyes blazed. With a quick movement he seized the revolver. "My God! I'll do it," he said. "I'll show you what I've got in me."

George felt suddenly sick. He turned away. He did not see his brother enter the thicket, but he heard the passage of his body through the leaves and branches.

"Good-bye, Al," he called. "Good-bye," came from the thicket.

George felt the sweat upon his forehead. He began mopping his face with his handkerchief. He heard, as from a remote distance,

His whole body gave a spasmodic start, as though the revolver had been fired. It was the voice of Al, close at his back. "Here's your gun," Al said. "I'll stay."

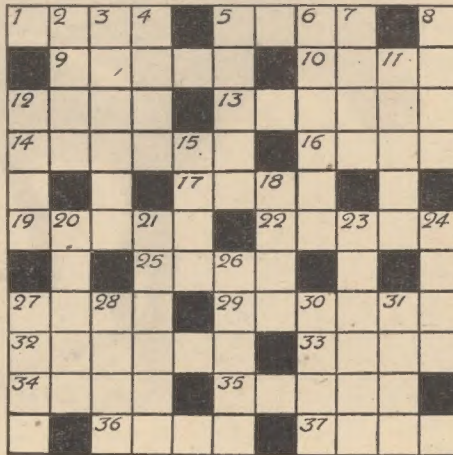
The servant appeared among the trees, approaching rapidly and calling anxiously. George put the weapon in his pocket and caught both his brother's hands in his own.

"God bless you, old man," he murmured; "and"—with a final squeeze of the hands—"good luck!"

"I'm coming," he called to the servant; and turned and ran through the trees.

THE END

CROSSWORD CORNER



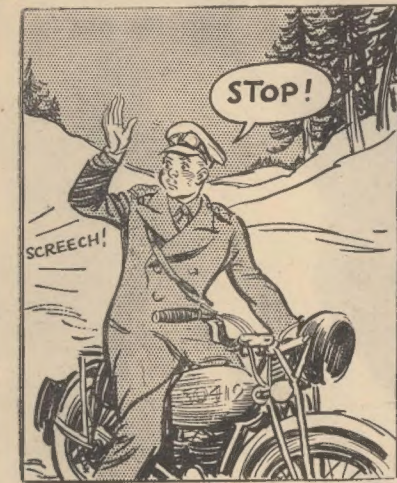
CLUES ACROSS.

- Storm.
- Water-bird.
- Boisterous.
- Pig.
- Window slab.
- Refer.
- Irrigates.
- Dry.
- Send forth.
- Occasion only.
- Hot drink.
- Boy's name.
- Indication.
- Group of words.
- Dodges.
- Jot.
- Scotch boy.
- Small bird.
- Side.
- Rind.

CLUES DOWN.

- Tune.
- Melted.
- Whimper.
- Gulf.
- Flattened at poles.
- Journey.
- Produced.
- Farewell.
- Big bird.
- Dance.
- Measurement.
- Girl's name.
- Light-giver.
- Beard.
- Appear.
- Surrey town.
- Despatch.
- Way of walking.
- File.
- Fish.

JAG SKI HUB
 EDICT AGAPE
 TABOO NURSE
 GENUS ATE
 LED THIRSTY
 E BLEND E
 ASSAYED ACT
 TUN PIPER
 FORAY ARGUE
 ANGLE NOISY
 RYE WAS SHE



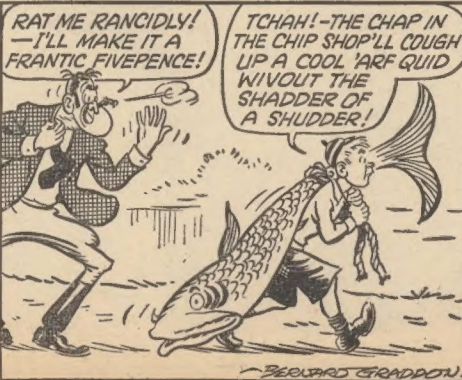
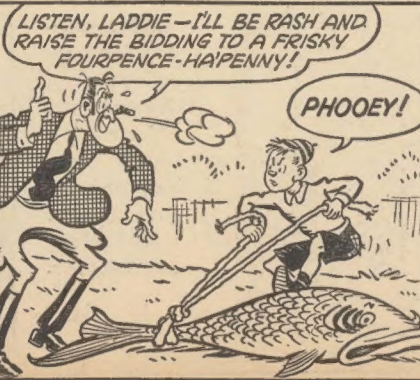
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



PHIZ QUIZ



Son of a footballer, he is the idol of Merseyside. The English selectors know his worth—so do the fans at Goodison Park. (Answer to-morrow.)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 565: Greta Garbo.

The Newcomers

AT first the people on the Watling Estate, Hendon, didn't like the strange new house going up in their midst, it looked "foreign" with its steel frame covered with fluted asbestos sheets, but now they have taken to it, and are flocking to see it. Many are asking, "When can we have one?"

Eight M.P.s of different parties inspected this "Braithwaite" house recently. It is a prefabricated, permanent house, conforming to the standard requirements of the Dudley Committee, with a super floor area of 960 feet. The M.P.s were shown into a pleasant living-room, a kitchen fitted with such luxuries as an electric cooker, refrigerator, electric water heater and glass-fronted cupboards, three bedrooms and a bathroom.

Made entirely in 3ft. 2in. sections, the Braithwaite house can be put together in 1,000 working hours, and it cost little more than a temporary house.

The builders (Messrs. Braithwaite, engineers), who helped to build the Sydney Bridge, envisage building 10,000 of these houses in one year as soon as they get the word "Go."

Gordon Rich

Good Morning

THIS ENGLAND.—With the hoar frost powdering the grass verges like snow, this farmer's daughter delivers the early morning milk by pony trap at South Mimms, in Hertfordshire. This is a situation that calls for a pair of warm fleecy-lined gloves.



And here is another situation that obviously calls for a pair of fleecy-lined as well! Should the affected part become frost-bitten, vigorous rubbing with snow is the only remedy!

FATHER'S PIN-UP GIRL



Stirring her tea, and Father's feelings to their innermost depths, our coy charmer sets the old boy's head spinning with her display of sleek-fitting pretties.



★ ★
THE
'EYES'
HAVE
IT!

And speaking for ourselves, Ann Sheridan, Warner Bros.' eye-ful, can have just about anything she asks for.

★ ★

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"My, my, ain't she a whizz!"

